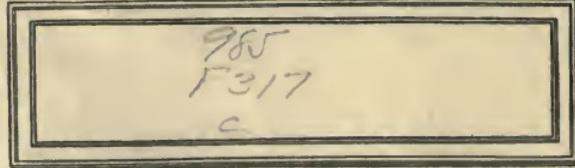
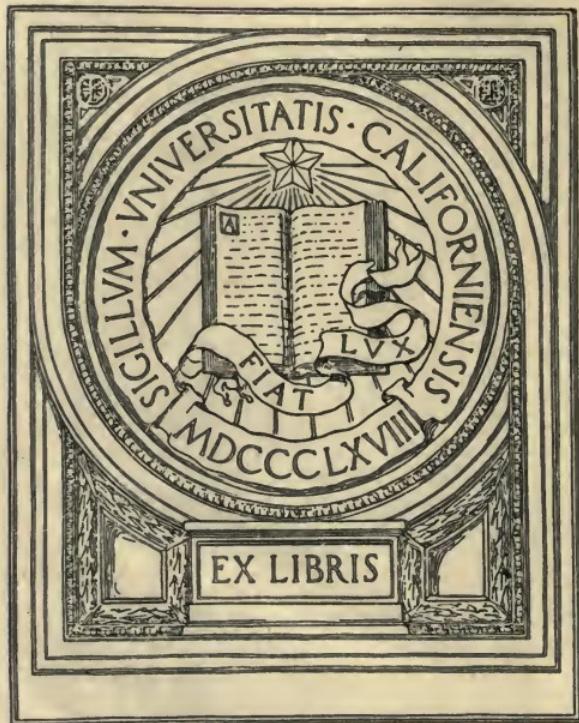


CRIMBS OF COMFORT

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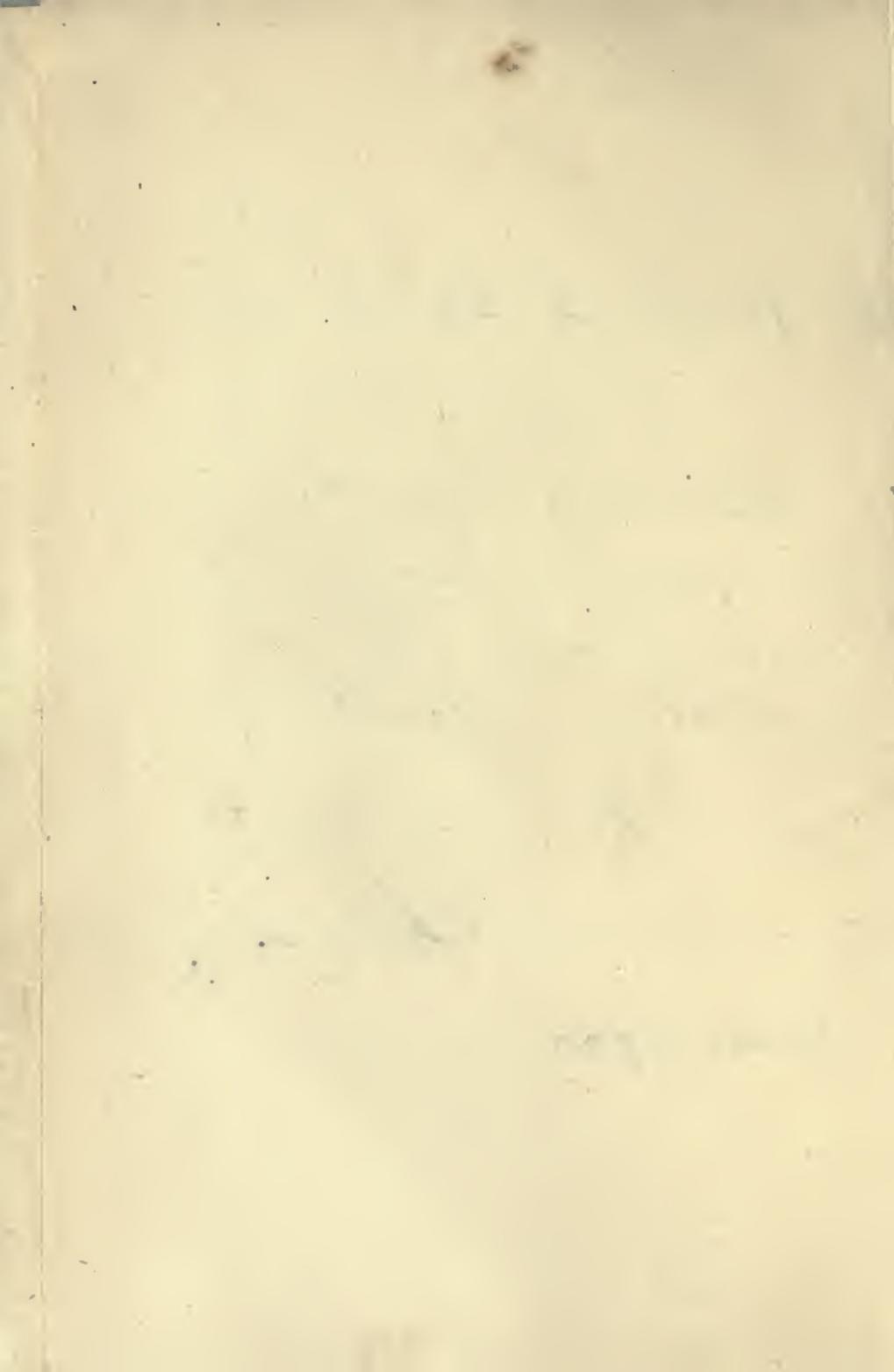
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To Hugh F. Sturtevant,

Knowing that this book
will prove a source of
comfort when life's meaning
is better understood,

Sincerely his friend,
Allie M. Felker

Xmas, 1900.

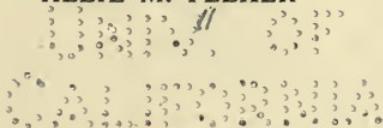


Crumbs of Comfort



Selected and Arranged by

ALLIE M. FELKER



San Francisco
The Whitaker and Ray Company
(Incorporated)
1900

Copyrighted, 1900.

By Allie M. Felker

Dedication.

TO FRIENDS WHO HAVE CONTRIBUTED TO
"CRUMBS OF COMFORT,"

AND TO THOSE WHO HAVE GIVEN ME PERMISSION TO
PUBLISH POEMS AND EXTRACTS,

This Little Volume is Gratefully Dedicated.

A. M. F.

895313



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WORDS OF COMFORT.

STANDING at the portal
 Of the opening year,
Words of comfort meet us,
Hushing every fear;
Spoken through the silence
 By our Father's voice,
Tender, strong, and faithful,
Making us rejoice.
Onward, then, and fear not,
Children of the Day !
For His word shall never,
Never pass away !

Frances Ridley Havergal.

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Prologue.

CRUMBS OF COMFORT.

IN the days of our childhood, when woes oft assailed us,

How quick from the heart would all sorrow rebound

When we sought the one refuge that ever availed us,

And the arms of a mother encompassed us round.

Her soft, soothing tones assuaged every sorrow;

Every pain disappeared in her loving embrace;

Hope wakened to show us a brighter to-morrow;

Her love was enough every care to efface.

As the days speed along, our griefs become stronger;

The burdens grow heavy on life's rugged road;

The refuge of childhood is ours no longer;

No mother is near us to lighten the load.

Uncheered, unencouraged, the weight of life's burden

Might weigh us to earth in utter despair;

Prologue.

But ahead, in each pathway, there shines a
bright guerdon,
Giving strength to endure, and a spirit to dare.

The pathway, though clouded, is constantly
brightened

By comforting words, strong, tender, and true,—
Words that many a load on bruised shoulders
have lightened;
And this is the solace here offered to you.

The Crumbs gathered here with infinite pleasure,
And lovingly into this volume compiled,
May prove to some sad hearts a Comfort—a
treasure—

Like that a fond mother bestows on her child.

Go forth on thy mission; take Comfort to others,
The weak, the despondent, the weary, the sad:
Say, “Hope again, live again, sisters and brothers;
The sun is still shining: look up and be glad.”

C. H. A.

Crumbs of Comfort.

Crumbs of Comfort.

I DO NOT ASK.

I DO not ask, O Lord, that life may be
A pleasant road;
I do not ask that thou wouldest take from me
Aught of my load;
I do not ask that flowers should always spring
Beneath my feet;
I know too well the poison and the sting
Of things too sweet.
For one thing only, Lord, dear Lord, I plead:
Lead me aright—
Though strength should falter and though heart
should bleed —
Through peace to light.

Christian World.



A PRAYER.

TEACH me, Father, how to go
Softly as the grasses grow;
Hush, my soul, to meet the shock
Of the wild world as a rock;

Crumbs of Comfort.

But my spirit, propt with power,
Make as simple as a flower,
Let the dry heart fill its cup,
Like a poppy looking up;
Let life lightly wear her crown,
Like a poppy looking down,
When its heart is filled with dew,
And its life begins anew.

Teach me, Father, how to be
Kind and patient as a tree.
Joyfully the crickets croon
Under shady oak at noon;
Beetle, on his mission bent,
Tarries in that cooling tent,
Let me, also, cheer a spot,
Hidden field or garden grot,—
Place where passing souls can rest
On the way, and be their best.

Charles Edwin Markham.

WHAT OF THAT?

TIRED! well, what of that?

Didst fancy life was spent on beds of ease,
Fluttering the rose leaves scattered by the
breeze?

Come, arouse thee! work while it is called
to-day,

Coward;—arise, go forth thy way!

Lonely! and what of that?

Some must be lonely; 't is not given to all
To feel a heart responsive rise and fall,—
To blend another life into its own.

Work may be done in loneliness: work on!

Hard! well, and what of that?

Didst fancy life one summer holiday,
With lessons none to learn, and naught but
play?

Go, get thee to thy task! Conquer, or die!
It must be learned; learn it, then, patiently.

Crumbs of Comfort.

Dark! well, and what of that?

Didst fondly dream the sun would never set?
Dost fear to lose thy way? Take courage yet.
Learn thou to walk by faith, and not by sight;
Thy steps will guided be, and guided right.

No help! nay, 't is not so;

Though human help be far, thy God is nigh,
Who feeds the ravens, hears His children cry,
He 's near thee, wheresoe'er thy footsteps
roam,

And He will guide thee, help thee home.

Selected.



HOPE.

Others have sinned, and then—

Catching a glimpse of God's great love for men—
Held fast their hearts from thoughts and deeds
of ill,

Brought forth to mankind lives of strong good
will.

Why should not I?

Osmor Abbott.

Crumbs of Comfort.

LIVE IT DOWN.

HAS your life a bitter sorrow?
Live it down.

Think about a bright to-morrow,
Live it down.

You will find it never pays
Just to sit, wet-eyed, and gaze
On the grave of vanished days;
Live it down.

Is disgrace your galling burden?
Live it down.

You can win a brave heart's guerdon;
Live it down.

Make your life so free from blame,
That the luster of your fame
Shall hide all the olden shame;
Live it down.

Has your heart a secret trouble?
Live it down.

Crumbs of Comfort.

Useless grief will make it double;
Live it down.
Do not water it with tears;
Do not feed it with your fears;
Do not nurse it through the years,—
Live it down.

Have you made some awful error?
Live it down.
Do not hide your face in terror;
Live it down.
Look the world square in the eyes;
Go ahead as one who tries
To be honored ere he dies;
Live it down.

The Sun.



COME now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool.—*Bible.*

TRUST IN GOD AND DO THE RIGHT.

COURAGE, brother! do not stumble,
Though thy path be dark as night;
There 's a star to guide the humble,—
Trust in God and do the right.

Let the road be long and dreary,
And its ending out of sight;
Foot it bravely, strong or weary;
Trust in God and do the right.

Perish “ policy ” and cunning,
Perish all that fears the light;
Whether losing, whether winning,
Trust in God and do the right.

Trust no party, trust no faction,
Trust no leaders in the fight;
But in every word and action
Trust in God and do the right.

Trust no form of guilty passion,—
Fiends can look like angels bright;

Crumbs of Comfort.

Trust no custom, school, or fashion;
Trust in God and do the right.

Some will hate thee, some will love thee,
Some will flatter, some will slight;
Turn from man, and look above thee;
Trust in God and do the right.

Simple rule and safest guiding,
Inward peace and inward light;
Star upon our path abiding,
Trust in God and do the right.

Selected.



WHAT MIGHT BE DONE.

WHAT might be done, if men were wise,—
What glorious deeds, my suffering brother
Would they unite
In love and right,
And cease their scorn of one another?

Oppression's heart might be imbued
With drops of loving-kindness;
And knowledge pour,
From shore to shore,

Light on the eyes of mental blindness.

All slavery, warfare, lies, and wrongs,
All vice and crime, might die together;
And wine and corn,
To each man born,

Be free as warmth in summer weather.

The meanest wretch that ever trod,
The deepest sunk in guilt and sorrow,
Might stand erect
In self-respect,
And share the teeming world to-morrow.

What might be done? *This* might be done,
And more than this, my suffering brother,—
More than the tongue
E'er said or sung,
If men were wise and loved each other.

Charles Mackay.

MEMORIES.

LET Fate do her worst; there are relics of joy,
Bright dreams of the past, which she can-
not destroy!

Which come in the night-time of sorrow and care,
And bring back the features that joy used to wear.

Long, long be my heart with such memories filled!
Like the vase in which roses have once been dis-
tilled;

You may break, you may shatter, the vase, if
you will,

But the scent of the roses will hang round it still.

Thomas Moore.



AN OPTIMIST.

I KNOW, as my life grows older,
And my eyes have clearer sight,
That under each rank wrong somewhere
There lies the root of right;

Crumbs of Comfort.

That each sorrow has its purpose,
By the sorrowing oft unguessed;
But as sure as the sun brings morning,
Whatever is, is best.

I know that each sinful action,
As sure as night brings shade,
Is somewhere, some time, punished,
Though the hour is oft delayed.
I know that the soul is aided
Sometimes by the heart's unrest,
And "to grow" means often to suffer;
But, whatever is, is best.

I know there is no error
In the great supernal plan,
And all things work together
For the final good of man.
And I know, when my soul speeds onward
In its great eternal quest,
I shall cry as I look backward,
Whatever is, is best.

Selected.

Crumbs of Comfort.

THANK the good Lord, there are life-saving stations all along the shore, and no wreck was ever yet so hopeless but Infinite Love could set it afloat again.



BY AND BY, when the rose is over-ripe, or when the frosts come and the November winds are trumpeting through all the leafless spaces of the woods, will be the time to die. It is no time now, while there is a dark space left on earth that love can brighten, while there is a human lot to be alleviated by a smile, or a burden to be lifted with a sympathizing tear. It will be time to die when you are too old or too sick to be a comfort in the world; but if God has given you a warm heart and a ready hand, look about you, and be glad He lets you live.—*By Amber, in Rosemary and Rue.*



“As THE day thy strength shall be!
This should be enough for thee;
He who knows thy frame will spare
Burdens more than thou canst bear.”

GOOD CHEER.

LIFE, believe, is not a dream
So dark as sages say;
Oft a little morning rain
Foretells a pleasant day.
Sometimes there are clouds of gloom,
But these are transient all:
If the shower will make the roses bloom,
O, why lament its fall?
Rapidly, merrily,
Life's sunny hours flit by;
Gratefully, cheerily,
Enjoy them as they fly.

Charlotte Brontë.



TO-DAY IS OURS.

YESTERDAY now is a part of forever,
Bound up in a sheaf, which God holds tight,
With sad days and bad days and glad days,

Crumbs of Comfort.

Which never shall visit us more with their
bloom or their blight,
Their fullness of sunshine, or sorrowful night.

Every day is a fresh beginning,
Every morn is a world made new:
You who are weary of sorrow and sinning,
Here is a beautiful hope for you,
A hope for me and a hope for you.

Every day is a fresh beginning;
Listen, my soul, to the glad refrain;
And in spite of old sorrow and older sinning,
And troubles forecast and possible pain,
Take heart with the day, and begin again.

Let them go, since we cannot relieve them,
Cannot undo and cannot atone:
God in his mercy receive them, forgive them,
Only the new days are our own.
To-day is ours, and ours alone.

Selected.

LABOR IS WORSHIP.

DROOP not, though shame, sin, and anguish
are round thee,
Bravely fling off the cold chain that hath bound
thee!

Look to yon pure heaven smiling beyond thee;
Rest not content in thy darkness — a clod.
Work for some good, be it ever so lowly;
Labor! All labor is noble and holy;
Let thy great deeds be thy prayer to thy God!

Selected.



A DREAM OF SOULS.

IDREAMED I saw three disembodied souls
Awaiting judgment. First the sinner came,
Who moaned for his lost body and its joys,
Its appetites and lusts. "In those desires
Which still enchain the spirit, lies thy hell,"
Spoke God in pitying tones. "Go, wear them out
In lonely meditation."

Crumbs of Comfort.

Next I saw

The righteous man, whose life had held no stain,
Because temptation never crossed his path.

"Go back to mortal form," his Maker cried;
"Thou hast not erred; there is no hell for thee.
No heaven, because thou hast not overcome."

Then slow advanced one who had fallen low
From being sorely tried; one who had found
How bitter are the fruits of sin, and learned,
Through loss of it, fair virtue's priceless worth.
"Lord, Lord!" he cried, "thy deepest, darkest pit
Were all too shallow to conceal my shame."

His maker smiled and answered, "Soul, arise;
Thou hast obtained the truth; it matters not
Through what dark ways the knowledge came to
thee,

So thou but understand; thy hell is past;
Go, dwell with the redeemed for evermore."

Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

DUTY.

SO nigh is grandeur to our dust,
So near is God to man,
When duty whispers low, "Thou must,"
The youth replies, "I can."

Emerson.

"Do what conscience says is right;
Do what reason says is best;
Do with all your mind and might;
Do your duty, and be blest."

Do thy duty, that is best;
Leave unto the Lord the rest;
Whatsoever thing thou doest,
To the least of mine, and lowest,
That thou doest unto me.

Longfellow.

"I AM glad to think
I am not bound to make the world go right,
But only to discover and to do
With cheerful heart the work that God appoints."

Crumbs of Comfort.

BE good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever;
Do noble things, not dream them, all day long,
And so make life, death, and that vast forever,
One grand, sweet song. *Charles Kingsley.*

“ STRAIGHT is the line of duty,
Curved is the line of beauty;
Follow the one, and thou shalt see
The other bending over thee.”

O WORLD as God has made it! All is beauty;
And knowing this is love, and love is duty;
What further may be sought for or declared?

Browning.

WE must make ourselves, or come to nothing.
We must swim off, and not wait for any one to
come and put corks under us.—*John Todd.*

HE who does his part, his duty,
And to God’s own cause is wed,
Fills the world with joy and beauty;
Thousands from his store are fed.

A. M. F.

THERE are two things which command my veneration: the starry universe about me, and the law of duty in the mind of man.—*Kant.*

“THE ground in which true happiness takes deepest root, and from which it springs up with strongest branches, is the ground of common, homely, every-day duties.”

To do one's next duty is to take a step which may always be taken without regard to consequences, and there is no successful life which is not made up of steps thus consecutively taken.
—*J. G. Holland.*

THE courage to look disaster in the face; to stand up bravely in front of adverse opinions; to walk steadfastly onward in the path of duty, though men sneer and blame; to be true to honor and virtue amid the sorest temptations; to do right, even though friends and fortune are lost,—this is the higher form of courage; this is to have real strength.—*T. S. Arthur.*

Crumbs of Comfort.

THE SWEETEST LIVES.

THE sweetest lives are those to duty wed,
Whose deeds, both great and small,
Are close-knit strands of an unbroken thread,
Where love ennobles all.
The world may sound no trumpets, ring no bells;
The Book of Life the shining record tells.

Thy love shall chant its own beatitudes,
After its own life-working. A child's kiss
Set on thy sighing lips shall make thee glad;
A poor man served by thee shall make thee rich;
A sick man helped by thee shall make thee strong;
Thou shalt be served thyself by every sense
Of service which thou renderest.

Mrs. Browning.



A SPRING OPENING.

EARTH has a velvet carpet,
In color, emerald green;
She spreads it in the springtime,
And waits with faith serene.

Crumbs of Comfort.

Forth come her trusty servants,
Sun, wind, and gentle rain;
They bring the precious flowers
To mountain, valley, plain.

They polish well her mirrors,
Long rivers and broad lakes,
Wake up the pussy-willows,
Unroll the graceful brakes.

They cushion soft her couches,
Dull stones, and banks, and knolls,
With moss, and ferns, and grasses;
Come, rest, ye weary souls.

Far over this bright carpet,
Are rugs of lupins thrown,
While here and there a pillow
Of daisies fair is shown.

Bright California poppies,
In shimmering sheets of gold,
Are nature's silken draperies
By Apollo's beams unrolled.

Crumbs of Comfort.

Soft curtains of wild roses
 Hide vase and jardinière;
Sweet violets and pansies
 Of blue and gold are there.

The covers of her tables,
 Forget-me-nots, snow-white,
Are strewn with fairy creamcups
 And luscious berries bright.

Here columbine's gay goblets
 Hold nectar, sparkling, rare,
And buttercups all golden
 The morning sunlight bear.

Dear, dainty, baby-blue-eyes,
 In loving-cups of blue,
Are fraught with tender memories;
 They whisper comfort true.

Yon nook is filled with harebells;
 Their music well I know;
It floats in soft, sweet measures;
 Here gentle breezes blow.

Gay, gladsome, welcome flowers,
Spread o'er the golden West,
They beautify God's footstool,
And bid the weary rest.

A. M. F.



THE LAW OF LIFE.

SO sure as dawn precedes the light of day,
The law of spirit is the law of life;
And he who claims his birthright in the strife,
And lives in Love, the Life, the Truth, the Way,
Shall mount on eagle's wings, and grasp for aye
The light of lights, the everlasting life.
His heart shall beat in rhythm new and rife
As song of birds that mate in early May,
And singing build, and building sing their song
Of love, and home, and birdlings in the nest,
The earth shall yield a fruitage yet in store.
When man to man is bound in friendship strong,
In blessing he shall be forever blest,
And loving, he shall live for evermore.

Anna B. Tucker.

Crumbs of Comfort.

AN EPITAPH UNCHISELED.

YON cloud-creped mountains sadly stand
About thy tomb;
The mountains of a lonely land
Are robed in gloom;
Strong oaks drip tears upon the sod,
On mount, in dell,
While slender bluebells droop and nod,
To ring thy knell.

The sobbing ocean sweeps the bar,
And breaks in moans,
Re-echoing from the deep afar
Its minor tones;
Along the reef the choral waves
Recede and surge,
And choir with winds, o'er deep sea graves,
A solemn dirge.

The paling moon is wrapped in folds
Of somber cloud,
While o'er still heav'n soft unrolls
Night's specter-shroud.

Crumbs of Comfort.

All things inanimate seem now
From joy dispart;
Yet sadder far than these wert thou,
Thou broken heart.

Nor nature weeps alone for kings
Of earth's estate,—
For thee, lone one, well all her springs,—
God's truly great.
Beneath the nameless, grassy sod,
May rest His own,
While massy shaft proclaims, to God
A name unknown.

Sleep on, sweet one, 'neath sheltering sky,
Till break of morn,
When unto Him who reigns on high
Thy soul is borne;
Till when, in crucible of Time,
Death be dissolved;
Thy griefs transformed to joys sublime,—
Life's mystery solved.

J. G. J.

SOURCES OF COMFORT.

A RE you weary, sad, and lonely?
Does the world no comfort give?
Do the eager, struggling millions
Care not lest you die or live?

Is there not a fellow-being
Who seeks naught but selfish gain?
Are there none to heed your sorrow?
Must your pleadings be in vain?

Aye, alas! there 's none, you answer,—
None to pity, none to love;
'T is a cold, cold world to live in;
E'en the clouds are dark above.

Have you dreamed what made you lonely,
Why the world congealed appears?
Ask yourself, and in the answer
Read the meaning of your tears.

Is there one lone, weary watcher
By some ling'ring bed of pain,

Crumbs of Comfort.

You have sent to rest and slumber
While his vigil you maintain?

Does the fever-tortured brother
Know your touch upon his brow?
Do the orphan and the widow
Find a father in you now?

Does the ragged little urchin
Wait your smile upon the street?
Does some burden-hearted stranger
In your ear his tale repeat?

Do the erring and repentant
Find a solace in your prayer,
And encouraged by your kindness,
Rise from out their dark despair?

Nay, not so—I read your answer—
None you pity, love, forgive;
Then I ask you, “Can you ever
Hope for comfort while you live?”

Letitia Mackay-Walker.

Crumbs of Comfort.

LOVE'S DAY.

THE morn is breaking,
 But oh! so wearily.
 My love is away.
The sun climbs drearily
Up the steep mountain
 To bring us the day.

Sun, dost thou see him?
Go to him cheerily.
 Shine with thy might.
Play with him merrily,
Make happy his day,
 While with me it is night.

Go to him, say to him,
Life is all night to me
 When love is away.
Bring my love back to me
O'er the wide ocean,
 And with him, my day.

Laura R. Brotherton.

GRATITUDE.

WHEN I remember how our days go by,
With more of happiness in them than woe
And how through ev'ry moment joy does flow,
But notwithstanding this, we groan and sigh,
And constantly in bitter tones reply,
And angrily complain at Fate's hard blow,—
I wonder God still keeps and loves us so;
That He, with patience, hears the world's dull cry.
Oh, why complain, when all around is found
God's greatest gift of life in fullest sense,
And so much joy we have not time for grief,
No time for groans, or low, dull, bitter sound?
But rather only joy to Him, from whence
Come our great happiness and our belief.

Agnes D. Mason.



WHAT I LIVE FOR.

I LIVE for those who love me,
Whose hearts are kind and true;
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit too;

Crumbs of Comfort.

For all human ties that bind me,
For the task my God assigned me,
For the bright hopes left behind me,
And the good that I can do.

I live to learn their story,
Who suffered for my sake;
To emulate their glory,
And follow in their wake;
Bards, patriots, martyrs, sages,
The noble of all ages,
Whose deeds crown history's pages,
And Time's great volume make.

I live to hail that season,
By gifted minds foretold,
When man shall live by reason,
And not alone by gold;
When man to man united,
And every wrong thing righted,
The whole world shall be lighted
As Eden was of old.

I live for those who love me,
For those who know me true;

Crumbs of Comfort.

For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit too;
For the cause that needs assistance,
For the wrongs that need resistance,
For the future in the distance,
And the good that I can do.

Selected.



WHAT IS GOOD?

“ **W**HAT is the real good?”
I asked in musing mood.
“ Order,” said the court;
“ Knowledge,” said the school;
“ Truth,” said the wise man;
“ Pleasure,” said the fool;
“ Love,” said the maiden;
“ Beauty,” said the page;
“ Freedom,” said the dreamer;
“ Home,” said the sage;
“ Fame,” said the soldier;
“ Equity,” said the seer.
Spake my heart full sadly,
“ The answer is not here.”

Crumbs of Comfort.

Then within my bosom
Softly this I heard,
" Each heart holds the secret;
' Kindness ' is the word."

Selected.



SUCCESSFUL LIVES.

THEY may not shed a radiant light
Upon the human firmament,
Nor flash a name that shall incite
Our wonder, like a meteor sent.
Above the crowd they may not rise
By dint of wealth, or deed of fame,
Nor lean upon the treasured guise
Of some renowned ancestral name;

But somewhere, somewhere, patiently,
By quiet heroism led,
They live their lives, day after day,
With hearts by selfish greed ne'er fed.
As true to life's best aims are they
As is the needle to the star.
'T is these, methinks the angels say,
Whose lives the most successful are.

Katherine H. Terry.

HAWAII'S SOLACE.

HAWAI'I Nei,
Thy song and lei
Of native art
Give peace in part
To aching heart.

Thy mountains high,
Thy changeful sky,
Thy soothing seas,
Thy gentle breeze,
All rest and please.

Hope whispers low
Where breezes blow.
Faith, steadfast, calm,
'Neath royal palm,
Pours forth her balm.

Love circles round
Thy lava bound.
Dear Isles of West,
Give what is best,
Of peace and rest.

A. M. F.

Crumbs of Comfort.

HIS POWER.

THEN sing, O Israel, your triumph song,
Your prophecies shall echo through the earth;
Your shouts of joy the eons shall prolong
While countless millions sing of Freedom's birth.

For Christ shall reign, and nations shall arise,
And wars and tumult, revolution dire,
While struggling man casts off the tyrant's chain,
And God leads on through flood, and cloud,
and fire.

Yea, still He leads. Behold His guiding cloud!
Behold the waters parted for our feet,
And tremble not, though roar the tempests loud;
The bitter wells His power will turn to sweet.

Jessie Norton.



DEAR WAIKIKI.

THE sunny beach of Waikiki
Is dear to me.

The opals of the clouds and hills,

Crumbs of Comfort.

The blues and purples of the sea,
The cocoa palm and kiawe tree,
Mean home to me.

The natives fishing near the shore
Are friends of yore.

Their childlike prattle as they stand,
Or stoop to spear the startled fish,
In friendliness still greets my ears,
As in past years.

The fringing shadows of the shore
I know of yore.

Oft in their shelter I have lain,
And dreamed of lands across the sea,
And half forgot the subtle charm
Of Waikiki.

The ocean's song of other years
Is in my ears.
I hear it as it strikes the reef,
And dances inward toward the shore,
And sports itself upon the sand
Of that dear land.

Crumbs of Comfort.

O sunny land! O land of shade!

O Waikiki!

The clouds, and hills, and sapphire sea,
Are full of harmonies for me.

The thought of thee can make me glad,
Dear Waikiki!

Anna B. Tucker.



Do not think that nothing is happening because you do not see yourself grow, or hear the whirr of the machinery. All great things grow noiselessly. You can see a mushroom grow, but never a child. Mr. Darwin tells us that evolution proceeds by "numerous, successive, and slight modifications." — *Drummond.*



"F. H. V."

HAVE you seen this dark-robed preacher,
Heard his Belgian accent low,
Met the father, brother, teacher,
Friend to all in weal or woe?

Crumbs of Comfort.

Doctor, lawyer, merchant, tailor,
Greet him gladly through the year;
Planter, fireman, soldier, sailor,
Know his heart is full of cheer.

Pagan, Protestant, and Catholic
Willing hands to him extend;
Plague and cholera epidemic
Proved him man's devoted friend.

At the funeral, wedding, christening,
See his priestly face benign;
Ah! a congregation's listening
To his voice, clear, sweet, divine.

With the poor, the weak, the sighing,
Does he gladly intermix;
O'er the bedside of the dying
Now he bends with crucifix.

Worldly ways and sin and sorrow
To this priest are all confessed;
Strength he gives for life's to-morrow;
Blessing, he himself is blessed.

Crumbs of Comfort.

Hear his tender words of pleading,
“ Father, heal their every wound;
Comfort hearts all bruised and bleeding,
Let them be with Thine attuned.”

Work on, pray on, friend and brother,
Christ’s disciple, firm and fit,
Preach to child, to father, mother,
What is told in Holy Writ.

In the home, the church, the college,
Gladden, strengthen, with thy voice;
In thy love, thy faith, thy knowledge,
May thy people long rejoice!

A. M. F.



THE HOUSE BY THE SIDE OF THE ROAD.

He was a friend to man, and lived in a house by the side of the road.—*Homer.*

THREE are hermit souls that live withdrawn,
In the place of their self-content;
There are souls like stars, that dwell apart,
In a fellowless firmament;

Crumbs of Comfort.

There are pioneer souls that blaze their path,
Where highways never ran—
But let me live by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

Let me live in a house by the side of the road,
Where the race of men go by—
The men who are good, and the men who are bad,
As good and as bad as I.
I would not sit in the scorner's seat
Or hurl the cynic's ban—
Let me live in a house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

I see from my house by the side of the road,
By the side of the highway of life,
The men who press with the ardor of hope,
The men who are faint with strife.
But I turn not away from their smiles or their
tears,
Both parts of an infinite plan—
Let me live in my house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

Sam Walter Foss.

Crumbs of Comfort.

THE DOCTOR.

WHO tries to cure our many ills
By giving tonics, powders, pills?
Who causes us to run such bills?

The Doctor.

Who listens to our many woes,
And all our little secrets knows?
Who kindness to us ever shows?

The Doctor.

Who gives the stranger welcome hand,
And helps him well to understand
The many customs of the land?

The Doctor.

Who to stern duty early woke,
And does not gamble, drink, or smoke?
Who likes to go, to sing, to joke?

The Doctor.

Who at the door of wisdom knocks,
Yet sometimes deals in sugar stocks?
Who in the boat of fortune rocks?

The Doctor.

Crumbs of Comfort.

Who in life's daily strife and din
Sees much of sorrow, want, and sin,
And hearkens to "the voice within"?

The Doctor.

Who listens, feels, and does the right,
Makes life for others cheerful, bright?
Who is it that we envy quite?

The Doctor.

A. M. F.



AT SANTA CRUZ.

A LONG the beach at Santa Cruz
I wandered one fair, dream-like day;
And life all sadness seemed to lose,
Beside the Bay of Monterey.

The long, gray reach of sanded shore,
The glinting of the sunlit bay,
The breakers chanting evermore,
The mountains stretching far away, —

Crumbs of Comfort.

Their memory shall not pass away;
I know my life can never lose
The rapture of that perfect day
Beside the sea at Santa Cruz.

And oft in dreams I tread the shore,
In haunting dreams of Night or Day,
And watch the lights that evermore
Creep up the Bay of Monterey.

When mystic gates swing out for me,
And I would put life's flower away,
I'd be beside this sunlit sea,
And pass to heaven some dream-like day.

C. S. Walter.



"To love abundantly is to live abundantly,
and to love forever is to live forever."

"HE NEEDS no other rosary, whose thread of
life is strung with the beads of love and thought."

A SONG UNSUNG.

I WOULD write a song, and the world should
list—

Should listen in raptured awe;
For if I may fashion a country's songs,
I lessen its burdens and right its wrongs,
Whoever may make its law.

Yet in all my life I have never thought
What has not been thought of yore;
To others I teach what I have been taught;
And the finest work I ever wrought,
Has better been wrought before.

But the work goes on, spite of songs unsung;
One man for each age is bard;
My strains unuttered shall make life sweet,
Its harmony perfect, its song complete,
By never a discord marred.

Laura B. Everett.

THE DAISY'S SECRET.

D Aisy, pretty daisy,
Sweet spirit of the dell,
Long have I sought to find thee here;
Thou canst a secret tell.

One by one, poor daisy,
Thy petals fly away,
And tell a secret as they go.
What is it, daisy? Say!

Tell the answer truly.
Which is it, yes or no?
O daisy, canst thou give me hope?
Hast naught for me but woe?

Ah, daisy, gentle daisy,
Quickly the tale relate.
('T is hard to lose thine own sweet life
Telling another's fate.)

Tell it to me softly;
I am all eagerness.

Quick! for thy life is ebbing fast,—
Thy last breath whispers—“ Yes !”

O happy, happy daisy!
Thou didst ease another’s pain.
Because thou gav’st to one soul hope,
Thy life ’s not been in vain.

Laura R. Brotherton.



SOMETIMES.

SOMETIMES, when all life’s lessons have been learned,
And sun and stars for evermore have set,
The things which our weak judgments here have spurned,
The things o’er which we grieved with lashes wet,
Will flash before us, out of life’s dark night,
As stars shine most in deeper tints of blue;
And we shall see how all God’s plans are right,
And how what seemed reproof was love most true.

Crumbs of Comfort.

And we shall see how, while we frown and sigh,
God's plan goes on as best for you and me;
How, when we called, He heeded not our cry,
Because His wisdom to the end could see.

And even as wise parents disallow
Too much of sweet to craving babyhood,
So God, perhaps, is keeping from us now
Life's sweetest things, because it seemeth good.

And if, sometimes, commingled with life's wine,
We find the wormwood, and rebel and shirk,
Be sure a wiser hand than yours or mine
Pours out this portion for our lips to drink.

And if some friend is lying low,
Where human kisses cannot reach his face,
Oh, do not blame the loving Father so,
But bear your sorrow with obedient grace!

And you shall shortly know that lengthened
breath
Is not the sweetest gift God sends His friend,
And that, sometimes, the sable pall of death
Conceals the fairest born His love can send.

If we could push ajar the gates of life,
And stand within, and all God's workings see,
We could interpret all this doubt and strife,
And for each mystery could find a key!

But not to-day. Then be content, poor heart!
God's plans, like lilies pure and white, unfold.
We must not tear the close-shut leaves apart.
Time will reveal the calyxes of gold,
And if, through patient toil, we reach the land
With tired feet, with sandals loose may rest,
When we shall clearly see and understand,
I think that we shall say, God knew best!

Selected.



A SERMON IN RHYME.

IF you have a friend worth loving,
 Love him. Yes, and let him know
That you love him, ere life's evening
 Tinge his brow with sunset glow.

Crumbs of Comfort.

Why should good words ne'er be said
Of a friend till he is dead?

If you hear a song that thrills you,
Sung by any child of song,
Praise it. Do not let the singer
Wait deserved praises long.
Why should one who thrills your heart
Lack the joy you may impart?

If you hear a prayer that moves you
By its humble, pleading tone,
Join it. Do not let the seeker
Bow before his God alone.
Why should not your brother share
The strength of "two or three" in prayer?

If you see the hot tears falling
From a brother's eyes,
Share them. And by sharing,
Own your kinship to the skies.
Why should any one be glad
When a brother's heart is sad?

If a silvery laugh is rippling
Through the sunshine on his face,
Share it. 'T is the wise man's saying—
For both grief and joy a place.
There 's health and goodness in the mirth
In which an honest laugh has birth.

If your work is made more easy
By a friendly, helping hand,
Say so. Speak out brave and truly
Ere the darkness veil the land.
Should a brother workman dear
Falter for a word of cheer?

Scatter thus your seeds of kindness,
All enriching as you go;
Leave them. Trust the Harvest-giver,
He will make each seed to grow;
So, until its happy end,
Your life shall never lack a friend.

Selected.

Crumbs of Comfort.

GRIEF.

LET our unceasing, earnest prayer
 Be, too, for light, for strength to bear
Our portion of the weight of care
That crushes into dumb despair,
One half the human race.



O SUFFERING, sad humanity!
O ye afflicted ones, who lie
Steep'd to the lips in misery,
Longing, and yet afraid to die,
Patiently, though sorely tried!
I pledge you in this cup of grief,
Where floats the fennel's bitter leaf!
The battle of our life is brief,
The alarm, the struggle, the relief;
Then sleep we side by side.

Longfellow.

Crumbs of Comfort.

SORROW.

IN the cruel fire of sorrow
Cast thy heart; do not faint or wail;
Let thy heart be firm and steady,
Do not let thy spirit quail;
But wait till the trial be over
And take thy heart again;
For as gold is tried by fire,
A heart must be tried by pain.

Adelaide M. Proctor.



BIG words do not smite like war-clubs;
Boastful breath is not a bow-string;
Taunts are not as sharp as arrows;
Deeds are better things than words are,
Actions mightier than boastings!

Longfellow.



SYMPATHY.

THOSE to whom in our suffering we turn for sympathy become hallowed beings. Saints they may not be; but for want of a better name,

Crumbs of Comfort.

saints they are to us, gracious and lovely presences. The great time Eternity, and the great space Death, could not rob them of their saintship; for they were canonized by our bitterest tears.—*Beatrice Harraden.*



HOPE may enable us to struggle on, and begin again if we fail, but we need sympathy. Then one must be selfish indeed to wish to succeed just for the sake of success, without a wish that others could share in the prosperity. Can you not realize how much better the world is that there is true friendship? That it does exist I know, and that it will exist until time shall end I as truly believe.—*S. D. McIntyre.*



“ HIGH thoughts and noble in all lands
Help me; my soul is fed by such.
But ah, the touch of lips and hands—
The human touch!
Warm, vital, close, life’s symbols dear,—
These need I most, and now, and here.”

FRIENDSHIP.

LIFE, to be rich and fertile, must be reinforced with friendship. It is the sap that preserves from blight and withering; it is the sunshine that beckons on the blossoming and fruitage; it is the starlight dew that perfumes life with sweetness and besprinkles it with splendor; it is the music-tide that sweeps the soul, scattering treasures; it is the victorious and blessed leader of integrity's forlorn hope; it is the potent alchemy that transmutes failure into success; it is the hidden manna that nourishes when all other sustenance fails; it is the voice that speaks to hopes all dead, "Because I live, ye shall live also." For the loftiest friendships have no commercial element in them; they are founded on disinterestedness and sacrifices. They neither expect nor desire a return for gift or service. Amid the tireless breaking of the billows on the shores of experience, there is no surer anchorage than a friendship that "beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things."

—Sarah B. Cooper.

Crumbs of Comfort.

A TIME comes in every human friendship when you must go down into the depths of yourself, and lay bare what is there to your friend, and wait in fear for his answer; it must be done, if the friendship is to be worth the name. You must find what is there, at the very root and bottom of one another's hearts; and if you are at one there, nothing on earth can, or at least ought to, sunder you.—*Hughes.*



FRIENDSHIP.

WHEREOF the man, that with me trod
This planet, was a nobler type
Appearing ere the time was ripe,
That friend of mine who lives in God.

That God, which ever lives and loves,
One God, one law, one element,
And one far-off divine event,
To which the whole creation moves.

Tennyson.

Crumbs of Comfort.

I AWOKE this morning with devout thanksgiving for my friends, the old and the new. Shall I not call God the Beautiful, who daily showeth Himself so to me in His gifts?—*Emerson.*



TO MY FRIEND.

“GOD never loved me in so sweet a way before.
‘T is He alone who can such blessings send.
And when His love would new expression find,
He brought thee to me, and He said, ‘Behold a
friend.’”



“FRIENDSHIP, peculiar boon of heaven,
The noble mind’s delight and pride,
To men and angels only given,
To all the lower world denied.”



AND Ruth said, “Entreat me not to leave thee or to return from the following after thee: for

Crumbs of Comfort.

whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God: Where thou diest, will I die, and there will I be buried: the Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me.”—*Bible.*



COMFORT.

THREE 'S comfort in childhood,
In manhood, in youth;
There 's comfort in friendship,
In love, and in truth.

There 's comfort in country,
In home, and in creed;
There 's comfort in doing
For people in need.

There 's comfort in genius,
In talent, in strength;
There 's comfort in progress,
Through earth's breadth and length.

There's comfort in science,
In industry, art;
There's comfort in using
The head, hand, and heart.

There's comfort in freedom,
Religion, and health;
There's comfort in gaining,
By honesty, wealth.

There's comfort in justice,
In equity, fame;
There's comfort in bearing
Through life a good name.

A. M. F.



COMFORT.

HAS the nest thou builded lately
 Been by rude winds blown away?
Under loving wings I'll take thee;
 I'm the Way.

Crumbs of Comfort.

Art discouraged looking, seeking,
Wishing, longing for the proof?
Come to me, and learn in coming;
I 'm the Truth.

Does thy life seem dead or dying?
Art thou worsted in the strife?
Do not miss the joy of living;
I 'm the Life.

Do not doubt the truth of being,
Dark the night before daylight.
I will be thy shield and buckler;
I 'm the Light.

A. B. T.



IF WE UNDERSTOOD.

COULD we but draw back the curtains
That surround each other's lives,
See the naked heart and spirit,
Know what spur the action gives,

Crumbs of Comfort.

Often we should find it better,
Purer than we think we would;
We should love each other better,
If we only understood.

Ah ! we judge each other harshly,
Knowing not life's hidden force,
Knowing not the fount of action
Is less turbid at its source,
Seeing not amid the evil
All the golden grains of good;
Oh ! we 'd love each other better
If we only understood.

Selected.



SOMETIMES WE 'LL UNDERSTAND.

NO T now, but in the coming years,
It may be in the better land,
We 'll read the meaning of our tears,
And there, sometime, we 'll understand.

Crumbs of Comfort.

Then trust in God through all thy days;
Fear not, for He doth hold thy hand;
Tho' dark thy way, still sing and praise;
Sometime, sometime, we 'll understand.

We 'll catch the broken threads again,
And finish what we here began;
Heaven will the mysteries explain,
And then, ah, then, we 'll understand.

We 'll know why clouds instead of sun
Were over many a cherished plan;
Why song has ceased when scarce begun;
'Tis there, sometime, we 'll understand.

Why what we long for most o f all
Eludes so oft our eager hand,
Why hopes are crushed and castles fall,
Up there, sometime, we 'll understand.

God knows the way, He holds the key,
He guides us with unerring hand;
Sometime, with tearless eyes, we 'll see;
Yes, there, up there, we 'll understand.

Crumbs of Comfort.

Then trust in God through all thy days;
Fear not, for He doth hold thy hand;
Tho' dark thy way, still sing and praise;
Sometime, sometime, we 'll understand.

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HOPE'S MESSAGE.

WILD heart, be still!
Why throb and thrill?
Mad passion, cease!
Come, Princess Peace,
Soothe — pain, release!

Bring needed rest
To Sorrow's breast.
Soul, do not fret!
“Take courage yet;
Thy sun 's not set.”

Hope whispers, “Rise,
Be earnest, wise!
Thy burden bear
With beauty rare;
Make life a pray'r.”

A. M. F.

Crumbs of Comfort.

BROTHERHOOD.

THEN, brother man, fold to thy heart thy
brother;
For where love dwells, the peace of God is there.
To worship rightly is to love each other,
Each smile a hymn, each kindly deed a prayer.

Whittier.



FORGIVENESS.

NO forgiveness comes without a struggle,
Be it seen or hid from human eyes;
There is no oil poured out to sooth a trouble,
To heal a wound of much or little size;
There is no peace or reconciliation
That comes to man, whatever cause he may de-
fend,—
But has its aftermath, its alternations,
That must be fought out to the bitter end.

Letitia Mackay-Walker.

THE SWEETEST THINGS OF EARTH.

WHAT are the sweetest things of earth?
Lips that can praise a rival's worth;
A fragrant rose that hides no thorn;
Riches of gold untouched by scorn;
A happy little child asleep;
Eyes that can smile, though they may weep;
A brother's cheer; a father's praise;
The minstrelsy of summer days;
A heart where never anger burns;
A gift that looks for no returns;
Wrong's overthrow; pain's swift release;
Dark footsteps guided into peace;
The light of love in lover's eyes;
Age that is young as well as wise;
An honest hand that needs no word;
A life with right in true accord;
A hope-bud waxing into joy;
A happiness without alloy;
A mother's kiss; a baby's mirth,—
These are the sweetest things of earth.

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Emma C. Dowd.

Crumbs of Comfort.

MUSIC.

O LULL me, lull me, charming air!
My senses rock with wonder sweet!
Like snow on wool thy fallings are;
Soft, like a spirit's, are thy feet.
Grief who need fear
That hath an ear?
Down let him lie,
And slumbering die,
And change his soul for harmony.

John Dryden.



AIN'T ANY REASON.

A IN'T any reason in bein' proud,
Too fine to go with the rest of the crowd;

Ain't any reason in bein' shy,
World ain't waitin' for you to pass by;

Ain't any reason for bein' a shirk,
Clappin' for somebody else to work;

Crumbs of Comfort.

Ain't any reason for not bein' glad,—
Ain't this life the best you have had?

Ain't any reason for bein' afraid
Something 'll happen—'t ain't all down grade;

Ain't any reason in talkin' fast,
The little you 've got to say won't last;

Ain't any reason in not lookin' up
Soon as you 've got to the dregs in your cup;

Ain't any reason in not forgivin',—
You must keep on lovin' to keep on livin';

Ain't any reason in not bein' true,—
Make a beginnin' and carry it through;

Ain't any reason, or joy, or beauty
In doin' anything less than your duty.

Boston Traveler.

Crumbs of Comfort.

GOD'S VOICE IN NATURE.

ON echoing mountains,
In murmuring pines,
By musical fountains,
In whispering winds,
We hear God's voice.

The billows of ocean,
The flowers of earth,
The planets in motion,
All life, death, and birth,
Bid man rejoice.

A. M. F.



SUCCESS.

IT was part of a Life—it grew out of a thought—
Conceived of the Heart, in the Brain;
Witch-child though it was, in its shadowy form
It carried a Soul and its pain.

Crumbs of Comfort.

Its footsteps were light as the echoes that wake
When the thistle-down floats in the air;
Its voice, gently low, and so searchingly sweet,
Was the voice of a Soul, and its prayer.

It sang to the World — the World went on its way;
It sang to the Stars, and they heard;
They called to the Singer through measureless
space,
But the Heart answered not to the word.

The World listened — awoke — then went mad
with its joy;
The Soul bowed its glorified head;
The laurel leaves thrilled not the Witch-child to
song,
For the Heart of the Singer was dead.

Frances Suñol-Angus.



WITH all the consciousness of coming need,
We lift our hearts and plead
With reverent prayer,
For guiding care,

Crumbs of Comfort.

That strength of heart and mind and soul inspiring
May still all mere desiring;
 That life, love, purity,
 May lead with deeper surety
Beyond the reach of petty strife
Into the sweep of broader fields and freer life.

Charlotte M. Hoak.



WHAT NOT TO LOSE.

DON'T lose courage; spirit brave
 Carry with you to the grave.

Don't lose time in vain distress;
Work, not worry, brings success.

Don't lose hope; who lets her stray
Goes forlornly all the way.

Don't lose patience, come what will;
Patience oftentimes outruns skill.

Trumbs of Comfort.

Don't lose gladness; every hour
Blooms for you some happy flower.

Though be foiled your dearest plan,
Don't lose faith in God and man.

Womankind.



LIFE'S GRANDEUR.

HEAVEN is not reached by a single bound,
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to its summit round by round.

I count this thing to be grandly true,
That a noble deed is a step towards God,
Lifting the soul from the common sod
To a purer air and a broader view.

We rise by the things that are under our feet—
By what we have mastered of good and gain—
By the pride deposed and passion slain,
And the vanquished ills that we hourly meet.

J. G. Holland.

Crumbs of Comfort.

THERE are gains for all our losses;
There are balms for all our pain.

Richard Henry Stoddard.



AFTER ALL.

GRIEF is strong, but joy is stronger;
Night is long, but day is longer.

When life's riddle solves and clears,
And the angels in our ears

Whisper the sweet answer low
(Answer full of love and blessing),

How our wonderment will grow
At the blindness of our guessing;
All the hard things we recall
Made so easy—after all!

Earth is sweet, but heaven is sweeter;
Love complete, but faith completer.
Close beside our wandering ways,
Through dark nights and weary days
Stand the angels with bright eyes;

Crumbs of Comfort.

And the shadow of the cross
 Falls upon and sanctifies
All our pain and all our loss.
Though we stumble, though we fall,
God is helping — after all!

Sigh then, soul, but sing in sighing
To the happier things replying;
Dry the tears that dim thy seeing,
Give glad thoughts for life and being;
 Time is but the little entry
To eternity's large dwelling,
 And the heavenly guards keep sentry,
Urging, guiding, half-compelling,
Till, the puzzling way quite past,
Thou shalt enter in — at last!

Susan Coolidge.



“BLESSED be God, even the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of mercies, and the God of all comfort. Who comforteth us in all our tribulation, that we may be able to comfort them which are in any trouble, by the comfort where-with we ourselves are comforted of God.”

Crumbs of Comfort.

HELP.

L EARN to help one another
In the daily walks of life;
Be an honest friend, a brother,
Help to check this pain and strife.

God has made you for a purpose,
He has given you brain and hand;
Use them firmly, use them nobly,
Save the fallen in your land.

Pass not by the rich and scornful,
Nor the weak and sinful one;
Show to all, by word and action,
How the noble deeds are done.

Then spurn not, despise not, judge not,
But life's greatest pleasure seek;
Learn God's grandest, truest lesson,—
Help the fallen, help the weak.

A. M. F.

SOW.

SOw with a generous hand;
Pause not for toil or pain;
Weary not through the heat of summer,
Weary not through the cold spring rain;
But wait till the autumn comes
For the sheaves of golden grain.

Sow, and look onward, upward,
Where the starry light appears,—
Where, in spite of the coward's doubting,
Or your own heart's trembling fears,
You shall reap in joy the harvest
You have sown to-day in tears.

Adelaide A. Proctor.



“Not by appointment do we meet delight
And joy; they heed not our expectancy;
But round some corner in the street of life
They, on a sudden, clasp us with a smile.”

Crumbs of Comfort.

RECEIPT FOR GOOD TIMES.

CHEER up. Keep cool.

Joke as often as possible.

Put your best foot forward.

Have faith, and struggle on.

Think of the sunshine of life, not its clouds.

Think, after all, how short life is, and make the best of it.

Walk erect like an honest man, not stooped over like a thief.

Consult Mark Twain, rather than Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy."

Pay your bills promptly, and that will help some other struggler in the battle of life.

Find one more unfortunate than yourself, and content will find the place of complaint.

Dress neatly. Some men foolishly suppose the harder up they look, the more sympathy they will receive. It is just the reverse.—*The Select Friend.*

NEW YEAR'S GREETING.

HAWAII Nei, Hawaii Nei,
Dear tropic land of song and lei,
“Farewell to thee,” the Old Year sings,
A greeting glad the New Year brings,
And message fraught with kindly cheer
For parents, friends, and children dear.
“I bring,” he says, “in plenty, rain,
And taro, rice, and sugar-cane.
I bring you hope; I bring you peace:
Away with care! Let sorrow cease.
I bring to you, Hawaii Nei,
Akua’s smiles to light the way.”

A. M. F.



“Is THY cruse of comfort wasting? Rise and
share it with another,
And through all the years of famine it shall serve
thee and thy brother.

Crumbs of Comfort.

Love divine will fill thy storehouse, or thy handful shall renew;
Scanty fare for one will often make a royal feast for two.

For the heart grows rich in giving; all its wealth is living grain;
Seeds, which mildew in the garner, scattered fill with gold the plain."



A LITTLE CHILD.

THREE 'S nothing more pure in heaven,
And nothing on earth more mild,
More full of light that is all divine,
Than the smile of a little child.

The sinless lips half parted,
With breath as sweet as the air,
And the light that seems so glad to shine
In the gold of the sunny hair.

O little one, smile and bless me!
For, somehow,—I know not why,—
I feel in my soul, when children smile,
That angels are passing by.

I feel that the gates of heaven
Are nearer than I knew;
That the light and the hope of that sweeter world,
Like the dawn, are breaking through.

Selected.



THE COMFORT OF THE PROMISES.

UPON life's journey are you growing weary,
And by its burdens are you sore oppressed?
These words come softly o'er the pathway dreary,
“Come unto me, and I will give you rest.”

Within your heart are strife and tumult raging?
Kneel down alone, in silent, trustful prayer;
And when you touch the hand of the Eternal,
“The peace of God” shall rest upon you there.

Crumbs of Comfort.

Are darkness and thick clouds above, around you,
Obscuring every blessing from your sight?
Again there come sweet words, so full of comfort:
He says, "At eventide it shall be light."

Footsore and travel-stained, nigh unto fainting,
The way seems long; what shall its ending be?
This is the answer,—let your heart repeat it,—
"Thy rod, thy staff, they surely comfort me."

Do anxious cares drive from your eyelids slumber?
Know that this promise He will surely keep;
Rest in sweet peace; be this your consolation,
"For so He giveth His beloved sleep."

And of the future do grave doubts assail you?
And do you fear to breast the final tide?
Sweetest of all, these words come softly stealing,
"When I awake with Thee, I shall be satisfied."

Charles H. Allen.

CRUMBS.

“**B**E still, and know that I am God!”



“THOUGH thou hast time but for a line,
Be that sublime;
Not failure, but low aim, is crime.”



“THEN bring thy many wants to Him,
Thy empty vessels not a few,
And not in drops, but to the brim,
He ’ll pour out sacred oil to you.”



CALMLY resolute in duty, brave in conflict,
patient in suffering, let us go our way, keeping
to our road, and neither swerving from it nor
loitering in it.—*Spurgeon.*



“TRUST no Future, howe’er pleasant!
Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Act,— act in the living Present!
Heart within, and God o’erhead!”

Crumbs of Comfort.

CRUMBS.

To TRUTH's house there is a single door,
Which is Experience. He teaches best,
Who feels the hearts of all men in his breast,
And knows their strength or weakness through
his own.

Bayard Taylor.



“BUILD up heroic lives, and all
Be like a sheathen saber,
Ready to flash out at God’s call,
O Chivalry of labor!
Triumph and toil are twins; and aye
Joy suns the cloud of sorrow;
And ’tis the martyrdom to-day
Brings victory to-morrow.”



“THERE! little girl; don’t cry!
They have broken your heart, I know;
And the rainbow gleams
Of your youthful dreams
Are things of the long ago;

CRUMBS.

But heaven holds all for which you sigh —
There! little girl; don't cry!"



"A SMOOTH sea never made a skillful mariner."



WRITE your name in kindness, love, and mercy
on the hearts of those you come in contact with,
and you will never be forgotten.— *Chalmers.*



"KEEP pushing! 'tis wiser than sitting aside,
And sighing and watching and waiting the tide;
In life's earnest battle they only prevail,
Who daily march onward and never say fail."



"HE who from zone to zone
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone
Will guide my steps aright."

Crumbs of Comfort.

CRUMBS.

My doctern is to lay aside
Contentions, and be satisfied;
Jest do your best, and praise er blame
That follers, that comes jest the same.
I 've allus noticed great success
Is mixed with troubles, more or less,
And it's the man who does the best
That gits more kicks than all the rest.

James Whitcomb Riley.



To THE giver shall be given;
If thou wouldest walk in light,
Make other spirits bright;
Who, seeking for himself alone, ever entered
heaven?
In blessing we are blest,
In labor find our rest;
If we bend not to the world's work, heart and
hand and brain,
We have lived our life in vain.

C. Seymour.

CRUMBS.

THERE is too much hopelessness and helplessness in our religion. It should be, and was intended to be, the most inspiring thing under the sun. You and God are one in essence. You are a candle lighted from the blazing orb of omnipotence, and, though you cannot fill the world as omnipotence does, you can fill your little circle and do your little work, with the great reservoir to draw from whenever you will. When you are at His service, He is at yours.—*George H. Hepworth.*



“WE know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
We only know we cannot drift
Beyond His love and care.”



“IT pays to give a helping hand
To eager, earnest youth,
To note, with all their waywardness,
Their courage and their truth;

Crumbs of Comfort.

CRUMBS.

"To strive with sympathy and love
Their confidence to win.
It pays to open wide the heart
And let the sunshine in."



IN men whom we declare divine
I see so much of sin and blot,—
In men whom others class as ill
I see so much of goodness still,
I hesitate to draw the line
Where God has not.

Burns and Byron.



I WANT to keep thinking that God 's as true,
And the grass as green and the skies as blue,
As they used to be when my life was young,
And the bird of the morn to my spirit sung.
I want to look out through my time-dimmed eyes
To the ships of mist in the seas of skies,
And feel that the hand that guides them there
Will still for my faltering footsteps care.

A. J. Waterhouse.

Crumbs of Comfort.

CRUMBS.

TRUTH only needs to be for once spoke out,
And there's such music in her, such strange
rhythm,

As makes men's memories her joyous slaves,
And clings around the soul, as the sky clings
Round the mute earth, forever beautiful,
And, if o'erclouded, only to burst forth
More all-embracingly divine and clear;
Get but the truth once uttered, and 't is like
A star, new-born, that drops into its place,
And which, once circling in its placid round,
Not all the tumult of the earth can shake.

Lowell.



“HE goes bravely through the world, who bears
with him the spirit of the morning.”



LET us so live that the reaction from our lives
will be a benediction on ourselves — a blessing to
others.

Crumbs of Comfort.

CRUMBS.

Every pulse of my heart says, Onward—onward and upward! Tarry not by the way; but on and on and on!

Man's true work is seeking nourishment for his soul; and when he makes this the chief end of his existence, I am sure that sweet peace will be his portion. —*E. H.*



“Do not look at life’s long sorrow,
See how small each moment’s pain;
God will help thee for to-morrow,
So each day begin again.”



“BUILD a little fence of trust around to-day;
Fill the space with earnest deeds, and therein
stay.
Look not through the sheltering bars upon to-
morrow,—
God will help you bear what comes, of joy or
sorrow.”

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Crumbs of Comfort.

CRUMBS.

“WHY fret thee, Soul,
For things beyond thy small control?
Why fret thee, too,
For needed things that thou canst do?
Whate'er thou canst help—help!
Whate'er thou canst not—with no useless worry
bear.”



LIFE is a burden — bear it;
Life is a duty — dare it;
Life is a thorn-crown — wear it.
Though it break your heart in twain,
Though the burden crush you down,
Close your lips and hide your pain;
First the cross and then the crown.

Father Ryan.



BUT why, alas ! do mortal men complain?
God gives what He knows our wants require,
And better things than those which we desire.

Dryden.

Crumbs of Comfort.

CRUMBS.

“FOR every evil under the sun
There is a remedy, or there is none.
If there is one, try to find it;
If there is none, never mind it.”



COME, brother, be a king with me,
And rule mankind eternally;
Lift up the weak, and cheer the strong,
Defend the truth, combat the wrong!
You 'll find no scepter like the pen
To hold and sway the hearts of men.

Eugene Field.



THE night
Brought her to her lone chamber, and she knelt
And prayed, with many tears, to Him whose hand
Touches the wounded heart and it is healed.
With prayer there came new thoughts and new
desires.
She asked for patience, and a deeper love
For those with whom her lot was henceforth cast,

CRUMBS.

And that in acts of mercy she might lose
The sense of her own sorrow. When she rose
A weight was lifted from her heart. She sought
Her couch, and slept a long and peaceful sleep.
At morn she woke to a new life. Her days
Henceforth were given to quiet tasks of good
In the great world. Men hearkened to her words,
And wondered at their wisdom, and obeyed,
And saw how beautiful the law of love
Can make the cares and toils of daily life.

Bryant.



AND only the Master shall praise us, and only
the Master shall blame,
And no one shall work for money, and no one
shall work for fame,
But each for the joy of working, and each in his
separate star
Shall draw the Thing as he sees It, for the God
of Things as They Are.

Rudyard Kipling.

Crumbs of Comfort.

CRUMBS.

“HE is dead, whose hand is not open wide
To help the need of a human brother;
He doubles the length of his lifelong ride,
Who of his fortune gives to another;
And a thousand million lives are his,
Who carries the world in his sympathies.”



“WHERE the many toil together, there am I
among my own;
Where the tired workman sleepeth, there am I
with him alone.
I, the peace that passeth knowledge, dwell amid
the daily strife;
I, the bread of heaven, am broken in the sacra-
ment of life.
Every task, however simple, sets the soul that
does it free;
Every deed of love and mercy done to man is
done to Me.”

Crumbs of Comfort.

CRUMBS.

“THERE’s joy enough in the country; it’s thrilling the world along;
The green fields thrill with music—the rivers ripple a song;
After the weary winters the summers brighten each slope,
And ever we hear the ringing of the silvery bells of Hope.

There’s joy enough in the country; if only we’d find the way
To the beauty of the morning—the perfectness of the day.
Sorrow is only for a night, and sorrow shall not destroy
While we hear from the highest heavens the bells of Hope and Joy.”



“As ONE whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you.”

Crumbs of Comfort.

CRUMBS.

"COMFORT your hearts, and stablish you in every good word and work."



"IN the multitude of my thoughts within me, thy comforts delight my soul."



BETTER to hope, though the clouds hang low,
And to keep the eyes still lifted;
For the sweet blue sky will soon peep through
When the ominous clouds are rifted !
There was never a night without a day,
Or an evening without a morning;
And the darkest hour, as the proverb goes,
Is just before the dawning.

Mrs. M. A. Kidder.



So LIVE that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan which moves
To that mysterious realm where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,

CRUMBS.

Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and
soothed

By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
Like one that wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

Bryant.



BUT since we are only plain lovers of God,
As He rides on the storm-wind, or springs from
the sod,

Or rolls o'er the surges, or walks on the strand,
Or scatters His plenteous gifts o'er the land;
And since we are not scientists, nor ever shall be,
It is not with scientists' eyes we should see,
But the eyes of the poet,— with eyes that can
look

Beyond binding and print to the soul of the book;
For all are but parts of that wonderful whole
Whose body is nature, and God is the soul.

Selected.

CRUMBS.

PATIENCE; kindness; generosity; humility; courtesy; unselfishness; good temper; guilelessness; sincerity,—these make up the supreme gift, the stature of the perfect man. — *Drummond.*



AH, home! That is the most comforting thing in life for me. It represents my all,—my mother and my brothers, fond recollections, my worldly honor, life. How I missed home while in the army, and oh, how comforting to be installed therein again! What joy to be wrapped in my mother's arms, and to receive the honest welcome of my brothers! After marching through the streets of our city to the strains of "See, the Conquering Hero Comes," and receiving the plaudits of the masses, I fairly ran home. Never before did I realize the joy, the comfort, of "home, sweet home." — *M. A. N.*



"GOD measures souls by their capacity
For entertaining his best Angel, Love.

CRUMBS.

Who loveth most is nearest kin to God,
Who is all love, or Nothing.

“He who sits
And looks out on the palpitating world,
And feels his heart swell in him large enough
To hold all men within it, he is near
His great Creator’s standard, though he dwells
Outside the pale of churches, and knows not
A feast-day from a fast-day, or a line
Of Scripture even. What God wants of us
Is that outreaching bigness that ignores
All littleness of aims, or loves, or creeds,
And clasps all Earth and Heaven in its embrace.”



No DOUBT we shall all fly home at last, like a flock of pigeons that were once turned loose snow-white from the sky, and made to descend and fight everything else for a poor living amid soot and mire. If, then, the hand of the unseen Fancier is stretched forth to draw us in, how can He possibly smite any one of us, or cast us

Crumbs of Comfort.

CRUMBS.

away, because we come back to Him black and blue with bruises, and besmudged and bedraggled past all recognition? — *James Lane Allen.*



“IT IS said that when the mollusk
Hides within its narrow shell
Bits of sand or tiny pebbles
Which it cannot forth expel,
That it shrinks not from the chafing,
Nor laments its presence there,
But at once begins to form them
Into pearls of beauty rare.”



“WHENE’ER is spoken a noble thought,
Whene’er a noble deed is wrought,
Our hearts in glad surprise
To higher levels rise.
The tidal wave of deeper souls
Into our inmost being rolls,
And lifts us unawares
Out of all meaner cares.”

CRUMBS.

BUILD thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting
sea.

Holmes.



THERE is good in everything.
Don't give in! Be up and doing like a man!
Live in peace, and trust God to help.
From rough outsides serene and gentle influences often proceed.

There's no situation in life so bad that it can't be mended.

Every failure teaches a man something, if he will learn.

CRUMBS.

Nothing can be won without anxiety and care.

The men who learn endurance are they who call the whole world brother.

How much great minds have suffered for truth in every age and time!

The hardest and best-borne trials are those which are never chronicled in any earthly record.

I know that we must trust and hope, and neither doubt ourselves nor doubt the good in one another.

This world is a world for action, not for moping and droning in.

Things cannot turn up of themselves. We must, in a measure, assist them to turn up.

Cheerfulness and content are great beautifiers, and are famous preservers of good looks.

Many happy new years, unbroken friendship, great accumulation of cheerful recollections, affection on earth, and heaven at last, for all of us.—*Dickens.*

TWENTY-THIRD PSALM.

THE Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.

2. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters.

3. He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

4. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

5. Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

6. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

NINETY-FIRST PSALM.

HE that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.

2. I will say of the Lord, he is my refuge and my fortress: my God; in him will I trust.

3. Surely he shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler, and from the noisome pestilence.

4. He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings shalt thou trust: his truth shall be thy shield and buckler.

5. Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night; nor for the arrow that flieth by day;

6. Nor for the pestilence that walketh in darkness; nor for the destruction that wasteth at noonday.

7. A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand; but it shall not come nigh thee.

8. Only with thine eyes shalt thou behold and see the reward of the wicked.

Crumbs of Comfort.

9. Because thou hast made the Lord, which is my refuge, even the Most High, thy habitation;

10. There shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling.

11. For he shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways.

12. They shall bear thee up in their hands, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone.

13. Thou shalt tread upon the lion and adder: the young lion and the dragon shalt thou trample under feet.

14. Because he hath set his love upon me, therefore will I deliver him: I will set him on high, because he hath known my name.

15. He shall call upon me, and I will answer him: I will be with him in trouble; I will deliver him, and honor him.

16. With long life will I satisfy him, and show him my salvation. — *Bible.*



Dear Siles of West,
Give what is best,
Of peace and rest.

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